

***HILLS OF SLOW TIME***

**By Ananya Guha**

There was a time  
when the hills denuded  
scattered out of myth  
origin and ash  
came tumbling down  
with waterfalls, lakes and rivers  
to give succour to incarnadine hues.  
The hills I have known, paraded with  
my destiny, the hills that moulded clay  
into mythic dolls. Yes these were the hills I knew.  
Molten clay, shrapnel hirsute legs the hills were  
not man made. Man. Woman  
and in the Sacred Groves the hush could be heard.  
Not felt, only scatter of rains.  
with a wild myth of flowers  
heaping mounds of love.  
Prescient hills you shoot out the future  
and supinely lie on the past  
in eternal rest.

Marigolds will not turn your hair  
into wounded gashed fingers.  
Marigolds only wither and mingle

fortuitously  
with these hills of slow time.

***SUMMER WINGS***

And now the summer wings  
translucent, hoary  
makes the heart vapid

Summer has arrived  
with red red wine- cherries  
the searing heat will closet  
us indoors, but outside  
summer wings will play  
naughty games.

I take a ride in summer  
into dreams and robust thoroughfares  
I walk in summer I talk in summer  
for some respite. But summer wings  
are ancient, as heartbeats resound  
in animation.

***DREAM WINGS***

Dream wings  
are far, the nearer  
they come dreams  
are distinct, distilled  
and your waking hours  
are lost.

Dream wings are water  
hyacinths floating beside  
stubble and growth.

Dream wings are hard hit  
by summer's malefic ways  
and winter's dreaded hibernation.

Dream wings are soporific  
all to sleep, all to a tragic demise.

Dream wings walk though marsh, morass  
what else are dreams about?

***SUDDENLY...***

There is stupor  
a way of falling  
who heals?  
who picks up from  
the garbage?  
A crow nibbles,  
pecks at rotten food.

There are houses nearby  
nono dream houses  
but they have dreams  
they too weep, shout, eat  
and drink

The crow continues to peck  
in the garbage.  
The black crow intruding  
into my water hyacinth dreams.  
The crow dreams.

And those houses, thatched  
lined in a corner, wait  
patiently for the next meal.

The children cry, want more  
the father walks out grumbling

the mother consoles ( the children)

The crow continues to nibble.

Suddenly there is blood.

### ***NIGHT***

The building shook  
earthquake they screamed.  
I looked at the earth it was  
quivering from within. I woke  
up from sleep to discover  
that night had shattered  
my dreams.

### ***UNTITLED***

It is the wan faces I remembered in childhood  
peering across dreams and rhythms of darkness  
light enmeshed itself in ways that struck  
as sudden, dismissive, subversive.

Childhood was a foray into such dreams  
with kneaded fingers resting on songs  
that sung of eternity and a wisdom  
opposed to living.

Childhood sprung into songs in wilderness

as hills with cloned feet looked surprised.  
Atavistic, primal in surroundings  
defying reality.

Unreality, then was a beginning escaping  
into mythic shrouds of encompassing wilderness.

Everything is given, not taken.  
Taken, not given, circuitous truth  
edged with the shrapnel's nonsense.

### ***DECISION***

The black crow nestled  
on the tree by the side  
is hidebound.  
No cawing, no sound  
it seems the epitome  
of life that is lost.

Lost that is deity  
apotheosis of something  
gone. The crow is silent.  
Can it at least sigh, mourn  
or even yawn?  
The deity is standing  
on arches of cross roads.

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Yet to decide!

**Bio:**

Ananya S Guha has been born and brought up in Shillong, INDIA and works in India's National Open University, the Indira Gandhi National Open University. His poems in English have been published worldwide. He also writes for newspapers and magazines/ web zines on matters ranging from society and politics to education. He holds a doctoral degree on the novels of William Golding. He edits the poetry column of The Thum Print Magazine, and has published seven collections of poetry.